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MERRY'S MUSEUM

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE

EDITED BY S. G. GOODRICH,

ASSISTED BY

Various Contributors.

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The Artist.

THE reader will recollect an article in the last number of the Museum, entitled "The Studio." We have something more to tell you about Franklin Ames, and we presume you will be glad to hear it. You remember that the last thing we told you about him related to the state of his hands, and the discovery which he made, that mortar was not plaster.—That discovery, together with his sore hands, had a dampening effect upon his zeal to become an artist. It was harder work than he thought it was. The glory to be gained seemed to recede to a greater distance. His materials for statuary turned into common stone again, the

idea of modeling became decidedly unpleasant. The word Studio did not sound half as well as it did before.

Still he had within him the elements of perseverance. He did not like to give up a thing when he had once undertaken it—an excellent trait of character, which I hope the reader will labor to acquire, for it is one of the best aids to success in life.

I would not have the reader understand the above remark after the manner in which a boy in a boarding-school understands it—or rather pretended to understand it. The teacher was expatiating on the subject of perseverance. It is true that, in the course of his remarks, he spoke of the importance of choosing good ends, but the last sentence he uttered was, "be slow in forming a resolution to do a thing, but having formed it, persevere at all hazards."

A young lad sat at his desk and took notes of the advice, and wrote out in full the last sentence. The teacher was rather pleased to have so much attention paid to his remarks.

In the teacher's garden there was a very fine plum tree, small but laden with excellent fruit. Young John watched it carefully, and as soon as the plums fairly began to turn purple, he diminished the quantity. This was done at night. In the morning the teacher saw that some one had been robbing his plum tree. The wall was so high, that there was little probability that the robbery was committed by any person from without. He therefore mentioned the fact of the robbery to his boys, and appealed to their sense of justice and of honor to prevent a recurrence of the act.

But it was soon repeated. In fact, about as fast as the fruit turned purple it was stolen. At length the teacher determined to watch during the whole night. By that means he caught young John in the felonious act.

The next morning, he called him to account for his conduct before the school. "How came you to do it?" said he to the delinquent.

"I did it in accordance with your directions, sir."

"What do you mean, you insulting boy?"

"You told us to be slow in forming a resolution to do a thing, but having formed it, to persevere at all hazards! I wrote down your words at the time, sir," taking his notes from his desk. "I was a long time in forming the resolution.—I began to think about it when the plum tree was in blossom, I kept thinking about it all the while the plums were growing, and never formed the resolution to take them until they began to turn. Having began to take them, I thought I must persevere, though I knew I should be caught."

"Why so?"

"Because you said we must persevere at all hazards."

"I shall pursue the same course with respect to your punishment; you may go to your chamber, when I have formed my resolution to punish you, I shall send for you, and you may rely upon it, I shall persevere in it at all hazards."

He went to his room and spent a very

long day there. At sunset he was sent for to the school-room, and received a very persevering application of a rod to his back.

But I sat down to tell you something more about Franklin Ames. While he was in the state of mind described above, his favorite uncle came to see him. Uncle Henry was not as busy a man as his brother. He had time to attend to his children, and a fine flock of them he had. He and his boys walked and talked, and sometimes played together as if they had been companions. The boys were never more happy than when they were with their father, and everybody said they will be just like their father, and the tone in which those words were uttered, indicated, that to be like their father was a very praiseworthy and desirable thing.

Uncle Henry felt a great interest in Franklin, and when he visited the family, he always talked more with him than with any other member of the family.—He had a way of drawing out of him all his plans and desires. Franklin was never afraid to tell him anything, he felt sure of his sympathy, sure that he would not laugh at him even if he thought his plans were foolish. He had not been long in the house before he had the whole history of the studio.

"What do you think of my plan of being an artist, uncle?" said Franklin.

"Well, I have not had time to think much about it," said Uncle Henry; "I will think about it. It is a great thing to be a refined artist. I should like to see you one."

"Then I will be one."

"You must take more time to consider and decide. And then there are various kinds of artists, and I don't know in what line you would be likely to succeed the best."

"I wish to be a sculptor."

"You wish to make perfect forms of men in marble?"

"Yes, sir."

"There is a fine art, much superior to that of sculpture."

"What is it? Painting?"

"No, it is the art of making a strong, beautiful and perfect mind. That is the art which I should like to have you learn first; great artists in this line take rank before all others."

"I never heard of any such."

"Did you ever hear of one George Washington?"

"Yes, sir, I am rather inclined to think I have."

"What is his reputation?"

"It is a little ahead of that of any man who has lived."

"And what is it owing to?"

"His actions."

"And what did his actions spring from?"

"From his principles."

"And where did he get his principles?"

Franklin could not answer the last question as promptly as he had answered those which preceded it. He was in doubt whether to say they were born with him, or whether he had formed them himself, and after a little farther reflection, he thought the truth lay between the two.

"Washington's actions," said Uncle

Henry, "were simply the exponents of his mind. If he had not had a powerful, wise, just, and noble mind, could he have performed the actions which have given him his renown?"

"No, sir."

"Certainly not. Washington prepared himself for his sublime career by the most careful culture of the mind, and it was owing to the fact that he became a most consummate artist in respect to the culture of mind, and the formation of character, that he was enabled to perform his matchless deeds in the field and in the cabinet."

"Washington did not bestow much care on the cultivation of his mind. He did not go to school much, and he never went near a college."

"I must be allowed to differ from you, my boy, on that point. Washington did bestow the utmost care on the cultivation of his mind."

"He never studied Latin or Greek, and he could not have studied many books; for there were not many books within his reach."

"It is true that he had not the advantages of instruction which are now within the reach of almost every boy in the country, but nevertheless he succeeded in forming the most perfect human mind of which we have any knowledge."

"He did not create his own talents."

"No, his talents—the elements of his character—were given him by Providence, but the formation of that character, which has been and still is the admiration of the world, was his own work. He did not let his mind run to waste. He did not let the form of his character be determined by circumstances. He did not throw the responsibility of his improvement on his teachers. He pursued a course similar to that of the sculptor who wishes to produce a most perfect specimen of art. The sculptor first forms a conception of the thing he wishes to make, the end which he desires to attain, and then bends all his energies with untiring industry to the realization of that conception, the attainment of that end. So with Washington. He formed the conception of a pure, lofty, symmetrical character and took unwearied pains to realize it, and he succeeded."

"Do you think any one else could do the same thing?"

"I do not suppose any one could acquire his reputation; for the reputation of men depends in part upon the circumstances in which they are placed. I will say this: if any one will take as much pains in the cultivation of his mind and the formation of his character as Washington took, he will have a noble character and will stand high in the estimation of his fellow men. Let it be your first object of ambition to become an artist in the sense I have now explained the term.

Fable on Policy.

The lion called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt; she said, "Ay," and he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf, and asked him. He said "No," and he tore him to pieces for a flatterer. At last he called for the fox, and asked him. "Truly," said he, "I have got a cold, and cannot smell."

Balloon Travels.

MERRY AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS IN THE CITY OF NAPLES.

[Continued from page 143.]

Merry. This is a long street, you see —more than a mile in length.

Ellen. Yes, but how narrow!

Merry. Nevertheless, it is the finest, and I think, the broadest in Naples. It is called *Strada di Toledo*, or Toledo street. It is not more than fifty feet wide, that is, not half as wide as Broadway in New York, and not more than one-third as wide as the Boulevards of Paris.

James. Why, it does not seem near fifty feet wide.

Merry. That is because the houses on both sides are so lofty.

Ellen. They look, indeed, like a succession of palaces: how richly they are ornamented! all seem to have balconies in front, and they are nearly all seven stories high. What a pity the street is so narrow!

Merry. The narrowness of the streets is one of the great defects of this city. Some of them are not more than fifteen feet wide, and a person might almost jump from one balcony to another.

Ellen. After all, Naples reminds me of Paris.

Merry. Yes, but it is a very inferior city. It has not more than 350,000 inhabitants, and is entirely destitute of such fine public squares and promenades as the Gardens of the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, &c.

Ellen. Oh, I suppose there is no city in the world equal in beauty and pleasantness to Paris! But still, there is something grand, and at the same time agreeable, in Naples. How blue and clear the sky is, and how soft the atmosphere! I have heard people tell of the beauty of the climate of Italy, and I now understand it.

Merry. The climate of Italy is very beautiful, but on the whole, I prefer that of our own country. It is more agreeable here, that is to say, the extremes of heat and cold are not so great as at New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, but in our country we have as bright and clear skies, as enchanting landscapes, as delicious sunsets, as Italy itself can boast. And the vicissitudes of climate, the extremes of the seasons, belonging to our continent, I believe are rather an advantage, for it seems that the human constitution, both physical and moral, is benefited by them. It is not in the mild, tranquil regions bordering on the equator, that we find the most civilized and powerful nations. A soft climate makes a soft people. It is so, all the world over. It is rather in the temperate regions, where there are four distinct and positive seasons—a spring, a summer, an autumn, and a winter season—that we find mankind reaching the highest perfection.

Ellen. It may be so now: we see in the northern portions of Europe, that is, in Great Britain, France, Germany, &c., the most intelligent, energetic, and refined nations. It is in the south that we find the inferior kingdoms of Spain, Italy, Greece, and Turkey. But it was not so formerly, for these latter countries were the seats of the ancient grand Roman dominion, civilization, and art.

Merry. These are shrewd observations of yours, Ellen. The facts you state are historical, but I think their true philosophy is this: in the first ages of mankind, the warmest regions of the earth naturally became the seats of crowded populations, because the means of subsistence are here most easily obtained. However, it is in the warm regions of Assyria, Egypt, and southern Europe, that we find the earliest great kingdoms and empires. But after a period, we find that all these kingdoms and empires are conquered, the people scattered, and the lands and territories they occupied passed into a comparative state of barbarism. And while the southern regions have become thus degenerate, we find that a new and higher kind of civilization has sprung up in the more northern countries and that these are not only the seats and centres of art, knowledge, and refinement, but of power also.

Ellen. Yes, so it seems to be: I can easily see how a soft and gentle climate makes an imbecile people. It seems to me, if I were to live in Italy, I should always be content to sit still, and to be waited upon by servants. I should never enter upon any thing that required exertion. Why, half the people here seem to be lying down in the streets in a state of complete idleness.

Merry. Yes, there is a race of men and women here in Naples, called *lazzaroni.*

There are twenty or thirty thousand of them. You see they are almost entirely naked, and their skin, owing to their exposure to the sun, is as dark as that of our American Indians. See wnat black hair and black eyes they have got!

James. Pray how do they get a living?

Merry. Some are beggars, some go of errands, some are porters, some sell small wares about the streets. Their wants are few: three or four cents a day buy them a quantity of maccaroni, and this suffices. Their clothing consists of a few rags: they have no house or home: winter and summer most of them sleep in the open air, beneath the porches of churches, or the porticos of public edifices. To these lazy people, a stone suffices for a bed.

Ellen. Dear me, how fortunate it is that the climate is so mild; if they had such winters as we have, they would freeze and starve to death!

Merry. Not at all, Ellen; stimulated by necessity, they would go to work and earn food and clothing and shelter.

Ellen. Oh, then you think it is the mild climate of Naples that makes the *lazzaroni?*

Merry. I believe climate has a great deal to do with it. It is very certain that you find more pauperism and more beggars in hot climates than cold ones. No doubt that the bad government of Naples is one cause of the

degradation of these people. The government takes no pains to elevate their condition; it does not give them education or liberty. It does not rouse their faculties by knowledge or opportunity. It finds them weak, idle, vicious, and slaves, and it leaves them as it finds them. But see, here we are in the upper part of the city. How nobly the bay spreads out before us! And there again, at the south-east, is Vesuvius.

James. Oh, it is indeed beautiful. The bay is charming, and Vesuvius, how slowly, yet how majestically, the column of smoke wends from its crater upwards to the sky!

Ellen. And how near the mountain appears to be!

Merry. Yes, but it is ten miles off.

Seth. Can't we go to it?

Merry. Certainly, but we had better go in the balloon.

Seth. Are you sure we sha'n't get singed?

Merry. Oh, we'll not go too near; besides, Vesuvius is only smoking now. It seems to be taking its rest. Before it has a fit of spouting out fire and lava it usually roars and grumbles, and thus gives warning of what is coming.

Ellen. You speak of the mountain as if it were a living creature, and had turns of the colic.

Merry. That was really the idea of old philosophers: they regarded the whole earth as a huge animal. They considered the tides of the ocean as its breathing, the trees were its hair, the elephants, whales, &c., were its vermin. The volcanoes and earthquakes were supposed to be caused by diseases of the intestines.

James. I presume that the mountains were considered its warts, and Vesuvius, and Etna, and other volcanoes, the sores or biles by which the internal diseases were alleviated.

Merry. That is carrying the joke rather far, James. But come, let us return to our hotel.

Seth. And to dinner.

James. You are always ready for dinner, Seth.

Seth. Yes, at dinner time, and so are you.

James. That's true enough. But we must have maccaroni to-day, of course.

Seth. Why?

James. It is the great article of food in Naples; it is said to be better here than anywhere else. Mr. Merry, how is it made?

Merry. Maccaroni is made of flour; that which is produced by the bad wheat from the borders of the Black Sea is preferred. This is mixed with water and kneaded by heavy wooden blocks, wrought by levers. It is pressed through holes so contrived as to form the paste into tubes: the larger kind is called *maccaroni;* the second size, *vermicelli;* and the smallest, *fedelini.* The manufacture of these is one of the chief employments of the working people of the city.

James. Oh, see that fellow, sitting on the church steps yonder! What is he eating—a snake?

Merry. No, it is one of the lazzaroni eating maccaroni. These fellows boast of their dexterity in swallowing it.

Ellen. And I think with good reason. He seems to take it down by the yard—Really, he reminds me of Theodore Hook's capital description of maccaroni.

James. What was that?

Ellen. He called it *pipe-stems made easy.*

James. Capital! But do these people have nothing to eat but maccaroni?

Merry. Thousands of them have nothing else—and this is usually boiled in plain water. Those who can afford it, add the juice or gravy of meat, and finely grated cheese. It is thus prepared that we usually eat it.

James. How we are beset by beggars! I understand their signs, but I do not comprehend one word of their language.

Ellen. It seems they take us for English.

Merry. Yes, Americans are generally taken for English, all over the Continent. But what did that fellow say?

Ellen. Why he called you *My lord!*

Merry. He calls *me* a lord? *Me*—simple Robert Merry—hobbling about on a cane—he calls *me* a lord? Well—that's the greenest fellow we've met with yet. Old Bob Merry—"my lord"!! Ha—ha—ha—ha! That'll be a good joke when we get back to Nassau Street. But don't tell Mr. Allen of it. He's too fond of a joke, and if he hears of it, ten to one he'll call me "My lord" all the rest of my life. There, my uncombed friend, take that! I give you two cents, which is cheap enough for a good joke. Ha—ha—ha! Robert Merry a lord! But after all, it is rather a satire than a compliment, for lords here in Naples are often very poor, and very mean also. A prince who lives in a great house will sometimes disguise himself as a servant, and go of errands, drive a cart, or black boots, for a few cents. He will sometimes even officiate as coachman, and drive his own wife, on visits of ceremony, so as to keep up the state of the house and family. But here is our hotel.

* * * *

Merry. And now that we have had a good dinner, what shall we do?

James. Oh, go to Vesuvius!

All the Children. Yes, to Vesuvius!

Merry. We have really seen very little of Naples, but if you desire it we will go to Vesuvius.

Ellen. Suppose we walk through the city, and when we get on the heights, we can mount the balloon.

All the Children. Agreed—agreed!

Merry. Well, so be it. But don't scamper out of the hotel so! You set the servants a-staring as if we were a tribe of wild Indians. Dear me, how full the streets are of people!

Ellen. Yes, I never saw such a place. It appears as if every body were in the streets. One would suppose they were all carrying on their business out of doors, and the thicker the crowd, the better they seem to like it.

James. How these little street shopkeepers do halloo at us, as we pass along. It makes me angry to be so beset.

Seth. And here is a lot of beggars coming at us again.

Merry. And they'll be calling me "my lord," I suppose. Let us turn the

corner and get into this narrow street, out of the crowd.

James. Here we are—but what a vile smell! I remember to have heard that many parts of Naples were intolerable, owing to the intolerable odors.

Merry. It is really too bad—come this way.

Ellen. What a disagreeable place!

Seth. Let us go down this street to the right. There is a large open space beyond.

Merry. Very well; what abundance of melons and other fruits there are in the streets for sale. One thing must be said for Naples—almost every thing is cheap here. Maccaroni for a dinner, three cents; for the same sum, a dinner of fish, fried in oil, may be obtained. Grapes in the season are two cents a pound, oranges are three for a cent.—But at the same time, the wages of labor are very low. It is as hard to get three cents in Naples as to get thirty cents in New York. A man often labors all day here, for ten cents, and a woman for four cents.

James. Why don't the people go to America, then?

Merry. How can they get the money—for it costs thirty or forty dollars from Naples to New York? and besides, the people are too ignorant, too degraded, too imbecile, to make even an effort to change their condition if the opportunity were held out to them.

Ellen. They seem very poor, very dirty, very ragged—and yet contented.

Merry. They may be contented—they may seem happy; but this is, after all, a poor existence.

Ellen. And is it so all over Italy?

Merry. It is nearly so. Goldsmith's picture, drawn about a century ago, is quite true of the people now:

"But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults thro' all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; tho' submissive, vain.
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew."

Ellen. It is a sad picture, after all—and the degradation of society seems the more dreadful, because nature is so beautiful here. How strange it is that vice and drunkenness should flourish most where God seems to have bestowed the richest favor of nature.

Merry. Such indeed seems to be the fact.

James. There is another thing that puzzles me. The streets seem to be full of priests and religious processions. I never anywhere saw so many churches. These are always full of people, kneeling and crossing themselves, and performing their religious ceremonies.—Now, what I desire to know is this—why does it happen that the country where there are so many priests, and churches, and religious rites and ceremonies, there should be such general ignorance, poverty, sin, and degradation? It seems to me where there is so much religion, there should be a high and not a low standard of society.

Merry. That is a question, James, which has puzzled wiser heads than yours or mine. At a future day, when you have read and thought more, you should study the subject and make up your mind about it. It is not the ceremonials and forms of religion that elevate a people, but its inner life and power. But see, here we are in the midst of this rolling, swelling, eddying current of people. What a higglety-pigglety scene! Booths of pedlars there, a carpenter's shop here; a boiler of maccaroni on one hand, and a priest addressing a group of gazing lazzaroni on the other. In one spot is a grotesquely dressed fellow, tumbling and standing on his head, before a parcel of children and beggars: yonder is an orator with a stentorian voice, setting forth the miracles which have been performed by wax images he offers for sale.—On a platform there, is a vender of quack medicines, dressed up in tattered and touselled regimentals, roaring forth the virtues of his drugs, and emphasizing his words and sentences with a rusty cutlass. An old man and an old woman try to drown him with a song and a creaky guitar. Never was there such variety of sights and sounds, all crowded together in the open streets. It positively seems like a jilly battle, but I have had enough of it. There comes those beggars again—some of them will be calling me *my lord*, I suppose. Bah! let us turn this corner and get out of their way! S.G.G.

The History of Little Muck.

[Continued from page 87.]

POOR Little Muck fell more than once heavily upon his nose, but this did not deter him from repeating the experiment, and at last he succeeded. He turned like a wheel upon his heel, wished himself in the next large city, and the slippers shot up in the air, darted through the clouds with the speed of the wind, and before he could reflect how it happened, he found himself in a large square, where a crowd of people were collected. He walked around for a while, but soon thought it advisable to withdraw, for the people trod upon his slippers, and run against his projecting poniard.

He now began to consider seriously what he should do to gain a little money. At last the speed of his feet occurred to him; perhaps, thought he, my slippers can procure me a maintenance, and he resolved to hire himself out as a runner to the King. He inquired his way to the palace. Before the gate stood a guard, who asked him what he was seeking. Upon his answer that he sought employment, he was directed to the overseer of the slaves. He made his proposal to the overseer to be admitted among the royal messengers. The overseer measured him with his eyes from head to foot, and said:

"How! with your little feet, that are scarcely a span long, will you become a runner to the King? Go away. I am not placed here to make sport for every fool!"

But Little Muck assured him that he was perfectly serious in his proposition, and that he was willing it should be decided by a race with the fastest of the King's runners. The affair seemed very laughable to the overseer, who directed him to hold himself until every thing was in readiness for a race. He then went to the King and told him about the little fellow and his proposal. The King was pleased, and commanded him to make preparations in a beautiful meadow behind the palace, so that the race could be viewed by his whole court, and directed him to take the greatest care of the dwarf. When evening came, all were on the tiptoe of expectation, and every body that had heard of the affair was out upon the meadow, where scaffolds had been erected, to see the dwarf run.

When the King and his attendants had taken their places, Little Muck stepped forward before the assembled presence and made a graceful bow. A universal shout of applause greeted him. Such a figure they had never seen. The little body with the mighty head, the little cloak and the large trowsers, the long poniard in the broad girdle, the little feet in the wide slippers, it was too droll, all roared outright. Little Muck did not allow himself to be confused by the laughter; he stood, proudly supported upon his walking-stick, and awaited his antagonist. The overseer had picked out his swiftest runner, as Muck had re-

quested, who now stepped forward, and both awaited the signal. When it was given, the contending parties, like two arrows shot at the self-same mark, flew over the meadow.

At first, Muck's antagonist had a decided start, but the latter pulled after him upon his slipper machinery, overtook him, passed him, and had stood some time at the goal, when the other ran in panting for breath. Wonder and astonishment seized the spectators, who called out, "Long live Little Muck, the victor in the race!"

Meantime, he was brought forward, and the king said to him, "You shall be my private courier, and always be about my person, and receive a hundred pieces of gold yearly, and eat at the table of my first servants."

So Little Muck believed that he had at last found his fortune, and he was now happy. He enjoyed the especial favor of the King, who always dispatched him on those errands where the greatest secresy and speed were required, and he never failed to perform them with accuracy and with incredible quickness.

But the other servants of the King were angry at seeing themselves supplanted in the favor of their master by a dwarf. They set on foot many conspiracies against him, in order to ruin him, but they all failed on account of the great confidence which the King placed in him.

Muck, who observed these movements, did not contemplate revenge; he had too good a heart for that; no! he endeavored to make himself necessary to his enemies, and beloved by them.—He had repeatedly heard it said that the father of the present king had, when an enemy overrun his lands, buried much of his riches, and that he died without revealing the place to his son. Little Muck always took his walking-stick with him, in hopes to pass over the spot where the money of the old king was buried. One evening, accident led him to a retired part of the palace garden, and suddenly he felt his stick twitch and turn in his hand. He knew very well what it meant. He procured a spade, and waited till night to perform his work.

The business gave him more trouble than he anticipated. His arms were entirely too weak, while the spade was large and heavy, and he had worked perhaps more than two hours, before he had dug as many feet. At last, he struck upon something hard that sounded like iron. He now labored away more actively, and found a large vessel filled with gold pieces. But his feeble strength was not sufficient to raise it, so he put as many pieces as he could carry in his trowsers and girdle, covered the vessel again very carefully, and reached his chamber unperceived, and there concealed the gold beneath the cushions of his sofa.

Now that Little Muck saw himself in the possession of so much money, he believed that the leaf would turn, that he would gain at court many warm adherents among his enemies. But from this it might be known that he was but little acquainted with the world. Alas! that he did not put on his slippers, and vanish with his money. The gold that

Little Muck distributed with liberality, excited the envy of the other servants of the court. The chief cook, Ahali, said, "He is a counterfeiter of money." The overseer of the slaves, Achmet, said, "He has talked it out of the King." But Archaz, the treasurer, his worst enemy, who himself now and then dipped into the King's chest, said outright, "He has stolen it."

He contrived also to excite the suspicions of the King, that Muck in some way or other had stolen the money from the treasury. This turn was very gratifying to the treasurer, who otherwise could not easily have given in his accounts. The King gave orders that they should watch all Little Muck's movements. In the night which followed this unlucky day, Little Muck seeing that his money was nearly exhausted by his liberality, took a spade and stole into the garden, to get a fresh supply. He was followed by the guard, and just as he was about to take the gold from the jar, they fell upon him and dragged him immediately before the King, who received him very ungraciously. The vessel had been dug up, and placed at the King's feet, together with the spade.—The treasurer declared that he with his guard had surprised Little Muck at the very moment when he had buried the pot of gold in the ground.

The King turned to the accused and asked him whether this was true, and how he had come in possession of the gold.

Little Muck, conscious of his innocence, declared that he had discovered the jar in the garden, and that his purpose had been, not to bury it, but to dig it up.

All present laughed aloud at this defence, but the King, highly enraged at the supposed audacity of the dwarf, called out—"How, wretch! wilt thou deceive thy King so foolishly after thou hast robbed him?"

He then commanded Little Muck to be thrown into chains, and carried to the tower; the gold he gave to the treasurer to place in the treasury. Delighted at the happy result of this affair, the latter departed to his house, and counted over the shining gold pieces, but this wicked man did not make known, that a writing had been found in the bottom of the jar, which ran thus. *The enemy has overrun my land, therefore I have concealed a part of my treasures. Whoever finds it, may the curse of the King light upon him, if he delivers it not immediately to my son.*

Little Muck's thoughts while in prison were very sorrowful; he knew that robbery of the royal treasury was punishable with death, and still he was unwilling to disclose to the King the mystery of the walking-stick, for he feared, and with good cause, that he would be deprived of it, as well as of his slippers. The latter could now, alas! bring him no help, for he was fastened by chains.—On the following day, however, when the sentence of death was announced to him, he reflected that it would be better to live without his magic stick, than to die with it; he prayed therefore for an audience of the King, and discovered to him the secret. At first, the King gave no

credit to his confession, but Little Muck promised a proof of its virtue if the King would suffer him to live. The King gave him his word thereupon, and caused some gold to be buried in the ground, unseen by Muck, and commanded him to seek it with his walking-stick. In a few moments it was found, for the stick struck plainly three times upon the earth on the very spot where it was concealed. Then the King perceived that his treasurer had deceived him, and sent him, as is the custom in the East, *a silken cord*, with which he was to strangle himself. But to Little Muck he said, "I have promised thee thy life, it is true, but I am convinced that this is not the only secret of thy walking-stick; thou shalt remain therefore imprisoned for life, if thou wilt not confess what it has to do with thy swift running."

Little Muck, from whom the single night in the tower had taken away all desire for a longer imprisonment, confessed that his whole art lay in his slippers, but he did not tell the King the secret of turning around three times upon the heel. The King stepped into the slippers, and chased like one mad around the garden; he often desired to stop, but he knew not how the slippers were to be brought to a stand, and Little Muck, who could not deny himself this slight revenge, let him run about until at last he fell down exhausted.—When the King had returned to his senses, he was fearfully enraged at Little Muck, who had let him run so out of breath. "I have given thee my word to grant thee life and liberty, but within two hours thou must leave my land, otherwise thou shalt be hanged." The slippers and his walking-stick he ordered to be carried to his treasure chamber.

Poor as ever, Little Muck wandered out of the land, blaming his folly in imagining that he could play an important part at court. Fortunately the country out of which he was banished was of no great extent, and eight hours afterwards he was upon the boundary, although walking was very hard for him, since he lost his dear slippers.

Since then, Little Muck has lived here in great solitude, for he despises mankind. He has become, by experience, a wise man, who, although his exterior is somewhat repulsive, deserves thy admiration rather than thy derision.

Such was my father's narrative. I declared my regret for my rude behaviour towards the good little man, and my father remitted the other half of the punishment which he had destined for me. I told my comrades the singular story of the dwarf, and we took such a liking to him that no one of us ever mocked him again. On the contrary, we respected him as long as he lived, and always bowed as low before him as before the Mufti or Cadi.

Curious Scene.

Captain Hughcrow, in the "Memoirs of his Voyage to Memel, in 1785," gives the following description of a curious piscatory scene: "One morning, during a calm, when near the Hebrides, all hands were called up at three in the

morning to witness a battle between several of the fish called thrashers and some sword-fish, on one side, and an enormous whale on the other. It was in the middle of summer, and the warfare being close to the vessel, we had a fine opportunity of witnessing the contest. As soon as the whale's back appeared above the water, the thrashers, springing several yards into the air, descended with great violence upon the object of their rancor, and inflicted upon him the most severe slaps with their tails, the sound of which resembled the reports of muskets fired at a distance. The sword-fish in their turn attacked the distressed whale, stabbing him from below; and thus beset on all sides, and wounded, when the poor creature appeared, the water around him was dyed with blood. In this manner they continued tormenting and wounding him for many hours, until we lost sight of him, and I have no doubt they in the end accomplished his destruction."

Love of Home.

TAUNT and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the river Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolution shrank from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.—*Daniel Webster.*

"LIVE well," said the dying Johnson, to a friend who stood by his bedside; and the parting words of Sir Walter Scott, to his son-in-law, echoed the counsel of the sage: "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; nothing else can give you comfort when you come to lie here."

LAY by a good store of patience, but be sure and put it where you can find it.

Charlie White and the Pea-nuts.

MY little friend, Willie Jones, lives in the country, about fifty miles from the city of New York; and when, nearly three years ago, just after the death of his mother, I went there to be his governess, he very honestly told me that he had made up his mind not to like me at all, for he knew that all governesses were cross and ugly. But when he found that I knew some nice stories, he began to change his mind, and to show a great desire to make friends with me. He first smiled very graciously at me across the table; next, he came and stood at my side while I was talking to, and teaching his brothers and sisters; then he allowed me to take him upon my lap;—and before a great while, after all the lessons for the day were over, a little foot would come stealing into my room, and a little voice beg in a whisper,—Miss Carter, won't you stop writing a little while, and tell me a nice story,—a true one? Willie had a perfect passion for stories, but always wanted *true* ones.

I do not mean you to understand that this new friend of mine was either very quiet or very timid. Quite the contrary. He was able to make as much noise as any boy of his age I ever saw; and would not have been in the least afraid of me, if I had been any body but his governess.

Now, I think one of the best ways to teach little children who cannot read, is to tell them stories; so I seldom refused Willie's request, and stories we had without number;—stories of birds and of beasts, of journeys and of wars; stories out of the Bible, and stories out of Fanny's large Book of History, and sometimes stories of good boys and girls, and even of bad ones; but these last were always meant for warnings.

One that he particularly liked to hear was about Charlie White and the pea-nuts. It was this:

Charlie was extravagantly fond of pea-nuts, which his mother did not desire him to eat, because she thought them very unwholesome. Now a friend who lived in one of the Southern states where pea-nuts grow in plenty, loved Charlie as well as he loved the nuts, and once sent him as a present a large bag of them. In the letter she wrote accompanying the bag, she called them "ground-nuts," as all the Southerners do, though Charlie could not imagine why. Indeed when he was first told that Miss Mary had sent him a bag of "ground-nuts," he thought that she was sending him something quite new, to compensate him for the forbidden pea-nuts. He wondered, and wondered for several days what sort of things they could be, until his father told him, though without giving him the reason, that it was only the Southern name for his favorite nuts.

In due time the bag came, filled with fine, large pea-nuts, and Charlie and his elder brother, John, were allowed to have so many each day on condition they should not eat them until they

were roasted. Now, to tell the truth, eating raw pea-nuts is very much like eating raw potatoes, and neither Charlie nor John would have thought of doing such a thing, if both kinds had been offered to them at once; but when they received the nuts, they were too eager to wait for the roasting.

They thought, too, that it was very hard to be limited to so small a quantity at a time; and although they submitted without grumbling to the regulation, because their mother had made it, and they were in the habit of obeying her without a question, they often held private talks between themselves as to what could be her reasons; and once or twice, I am sorry to say, Charlie went so far as to say that she was very unjust. John was older, and, as might be supposed, more reasonable. He did not so openly express his opinion, but he thought the matter over a great deal, and finally informed Charlie that he thought he saw into it. This bag, he said, was, to be sure, very large, but if they should help themselves from it as often and as largely as they wished, there was no doubt they would soon come to the bottom of it. Miss Mary had been very kind in sending it, but they had no reason to suppose she would send them another very soon, therefore, he proposed that they should ask their mamma for a few raw pea-nuts to plant, and raise a crop for themselves.

This seemed to Charlie a most excellent plan, and accordingly they determined to put it in execution that very day. Their mamma gave them each a handful for the purpose, at the same time warning them not to plant them too deeply, for fear the young sprouts would not have strength enough to make their way up to the air.

The pea-nuts were planted and most carefully watched. At last they began to appear above the ground. Little by little their slender green stalks, and pale bluish leaves strengthened and multiplied, until both the boys were struck with their resemblance to those low pea-vines they saw in their father's garden. They at once concluded that this was the reason why they were called pea-nuts, and wondered whether the nuts grew in pods like the peas, or whether the shells were themselves pods. They saw no sense in that Southern name, "ground-nuts," unless it was that the plants always stayed so near the ground, and didn't shoot up into tall trees like hickory-nuts and chestnuts.

They thought themselves very wise to have found out all these things, and still continued to watch their plants. So the summer passed. To be sure, they were somewhat surprised that the pods were so long in making their appearance, but every time they were disappointed in their search for them, they flattered themselves that they would certainly be visible by the next day, and so kept up their patience tolerably well.

At last the bluish green leaves began to turn yellow, and pretty soon there was scarcely a green one in the whole patch;—but no pods! no nuts! What in the world was the matter? Could it be that any thing had injured them?

Had they not given them water enough, or had they given them too much? Or, wasn't the soil rich enough? Or, was it so much colder here than in their native climate, that even all those warm summer days had not been warm enough for them? Whatever it was, there was no use in keeping those old dead things that were good for nothing now; they might as well pull them up and throw them away at once. Next summer, if they lived, they would try again, and perhaps by that time they might be able to get some information upon the subject from Miss Mary, or somebody else who knew something about it.

To work they went, to pull up the dead plants. John took hold of as many as he could grasp, and twisting his hand among the stems, gave a strong pull. He drew them out of the ground, and was in the very act of tossing them over his shoulder, when a scream from Charlie made him stop to see what was the matter. Matter enough!—for, hanging by slender threads to the dirty root, was at least a handful of fine large peanuts.

The boys looked at the nuts, and then at each other. It was all explained now! and with one accord they rushed into their mamma's sitting-room, to show her the wonderful sight.

The plants were now taken up with a good deal more care than they seemed likely in the beginning to get; a famous crop, considering the size of the patch, rewarded them for all their trouble; and when Charlie wrote to Miss Mary his first letter, in his very best coarse-hand, he not only thanked her for the present, but informed her that he had found out why Southerners call them "ground-nuts;" while John has searched every book upon botany that he can get hold of, to see if there is any other reason for our Northern name, "pea-nuts," than the resemblance between the plants. W. C. B.

Riddle.

I.

Go wide o'er the world,
And every where seek me—
In earth, sea, or air,
Thou never shalt meet me!
Go wide o'er the world—
I always am there—
Wherever thou roamest,
In earth, sea, or air!

II.

Go, speak to the woodland,
And question of me—
Oh ne'er shalt thou find me,
With forest or tree!
Go, speak to the woodland,—
I ever am there,
And live in its whispers,
Tho' lighter than air!

III.

Go, winnow the wave,
And seek for my breath—
Ah, ocean and river,
Reveal but my death!
Go, winnow the wave,
Tho' with winter it shiver—
There—there shalt thou find me,
'Mid ocean and river!

IV.

In whirlwinds I revel,
Yet in zephyrs expire—
I flourish in warmth,—
And I perish in fire!
The winter I cherish,
Yet each season I shun;
Half living in harvest,
In summer, undone!

v.

I come with the warlock—
I go with the ghoul—
I shriek with the wizzad—
I hoot with the owl!
I ride on the hazel
Which witches have rent—
I fly on the wing
Which the eagle hath bent.

VI.

I come and I go—
Oft unseen and unsought;—
I live but in words—
I perish in thought.
So to all and to each,
I bid you adieu;—
Yet to all and to each—
I stay double with you!

S. G. G.

Spermaceti.

SPERMACETI is taken from a whale, which differs from the common whale by having a *bunch* on its back. The oily mass from which it is made is found in a large triangular cavity, about five feet deep and ten or twelve feet long, which fills nearly the whole of the head, save a space left for the brain. The oil is separated from the spermaceti by putting it into bags and letting it drip away. It is brought home in barrels, and has a yellow unctuous appearance. A moderate-sized whale will produce about twelve barrels. It is purified afterwards.

The *Pocket Carpet Bag*, a beautiful little miscellany published by George K. Snow, contains the following song from the editor, Mr. B. P. Shillaber:—

The First Robin of Spring.

I am Robin the First of the kingdom of song,
And my throne is the bough of the old cherry tree,
The zephyrs of spring bear my mandates along,
And the gentle and good are all subject to me.

Glad, glad is the home near whose precincts I stay,
A grant to abide I pay with delight;
My matin shall cheer it at close of the day,
And my vesper hymn bless it at coming of night.

As when in the gay bowers of Eden 'twas sung,
I sing to the world my melodious strain,
And the heart that is sad the earth's discords among,
May turn, with my notes, back to Eden again.

I am Robin the First of the kingdom of song,
My sceptre the power of melody sweet,
The summer's glad months my rule shall prolong,
And its flowery trophies be laid at my feet.

Adventures of Gilbert Go-ahead.

[Continued from page 161.]

THIBET has been regarded as a remote, strange, unapproachable country, and though a few European travellers have visited the western portions of it, still its name always excites wonder and curiosity. Feelings of this kind had a great deal of influence in persuading me to go there. It is true that I had some idea that I might turn the journey to account in the way of trade, especially as my friend Butter Pate was familiar with the country, and being a lama or priest, was a man of sagacity, and power, and promised to promote my views.

When, therefore, I had crossed the terrible ranges of the Himmaleh mountains, which shut the country out from the warm and fertile regions of the south of Asia, I experienced strong emotions of excitement. I must confess, however, that the aspect of the country greatly disappointed me. It seemed to consist of rocky hills and hedges covered with stunted forests and dreary plains between. The climate I found to be exceedingly cold, though it was only the beginning of September. The thick woollen garments we had bought at *Tassisudon* are insufficient for comfort, so that I supplied myself with a large goat-skin cloak, which I bought of one of the shepherds.

I found the people of Thibet to be what we call Tartars; they resemble our American Indians, especially those who have partially adopted the ways of civilized life. In dress, there was a sort of China cut in the attire, though many of the people in the country wear sheep and goat skins, almost without being shaped to the figure.

Though Thibet seems poor and meagre in its vegetable production, it abounds in animal life. The country is teeming with game, the domestic animals are very numerous and valuable. The flocks of sheep and goats are the great resource of the country. There is a peculiar variety of sheep—very small, with black hips and black faces; but the wool is exceedingly fine, and the mutton is the best I ever tasted.

The Thibet goat is certainly the most beautiful species of the numerous goat family. The colors are black, fawn and white, the latter being tinged with blue. They have stumped horns, and very short legs. Their long silky hair is used for the shawls, so famous all over the world.

There is a small breed of cattle like ours used for agricultural labor; but the *Yaik* which I have already mentioned, is the most valuable species of ox, to the Thibetians. The cows furnish an abundant supply of milk, and both males and females are excellent beasts of burthen. Their long silky tails are sent to Hindostan, where they are in great request as *chowries*, to brush off flies with.

Most of the animals, as dogs, wolves, hares &c., have a thick furry coat to protect them against the rigor of the cli-

mate. The next curious wild animal is the *musk deer*, which is about the size of a common hog, and its body has the shape of that animal. Its head is small, and its legs extremely delicate. It lacks the usual finish of quadrupeds' beauty—a tail! The creature is covered with thick bushy hair, in some parts three inches long. The perfume which we call *musk*, is obtained from a cut or bag which grows upon the belly of the male musk deer. These animals belong to the government, and this only is permitted to take the unguent, which is a source of considerable revenue.

The food of the people of Thibet consists largely of flesh, either of game or sheep, goats, andcattle. Milk is extensively used. The chief crops are barley, wheat, and a coarse kind of pease. Turnips and radishes are almost the only garden vegetables. Fruits are scarce. Rice is not cultivated, but is brought from India. The poorer classes never eat wheat bread.

The houses of the country people generally resemble brick-kilns, being low mean mounds of rough stones, heaped upon each other without cement. Bedsteads are unknown in Thibet: a thick mattress serves for a seat by day and a bed by night. The scarcity of timber, subjects the people to many privations. In their dress, yellow and red colors prevail. Their meals are at no stated times. but are taken as hunger requires. The business of the day begins by prayer —and ends at night by music, dancing, and other amusements.

As we travelled along toward Lassa, the capital, we found the roads and bridges to be miserable. In Bootan, goods are generally carried on the shoulders of the people, especially the females—here they are transported on yaiks, mules, asses, and horses, the latter being brought from Turkestan, where they run wild in herds.

We met several caravans of traders going from Lassa to India, with various kinds of Chinese merchandise, which it appears is obtained at the town of Sinning, near the northern frontier. This traffic is in the hands of the government, and the great officers of state. Sugar, tobacco, indigo, pepper, rice, gums, silk, &c., are received from India, Nepaul and Bootan.

Thibet is a very elevated country, and hence many of the great rivers of Asia have their source: among them are the Indus, the Ganges, the Irrawada, and the Burrampooter. This latter which we had crossed in Bootan, we now crossed again, it being here reduced to a few rods in width. Along the banks there were some marks of fertility, but the country generally was dry, and the vegetation withered as it is in New England in the frosty days of November.

Our course now lay in a north-easterly direction, it being our intention to visit the city of Giga Gounggar before proceeding to Lassa. We met with a few small villages in our way, but no considerable towns. Everywhere we were kindly received by the people,and in consideration of the clerical character of my companion, we were often gratuitously entertained.

Butter Pate also did a good business in selling charms, disposing of no less than sixteen little finger-nails of the Lama of Teshoo-Lomboo in one village of about fifty people. He exchanged with a poor woman a roll of clay as big as a pea, which he declared had been consecrated by the spirit of the Grand Lama, for a Thibet shawl which it had cost her four months to spin and weave!

I took the priest to task for all this, telling him that it seemed to me no better than robbery.

"Pooh, pooh," said he, "such things are done by all lamas."

"Then I should say that they are all rascals."

"Not at all; you are constantly confounding us lamas with the common people. Religion and morality are two different things. We lamas are not bound by morality. We are consecrated, and whatever we do is right, provided it be done in the name of Boodh. Common people are forbidden to lie, steal, rob, &c., nor is a lama to do these things, if he can as well get along without. But Boodh is above all. He made the laws of the universe, and he can break them if he will. The sublime Dalai-Lama is the essence of Boodh on earth, or, as some believe, of Boodh himself. In consecrating his priests he gives his own power to them, and if they see good reason for it, they can also set aside his laws."

"That is, if they find it convenient to lie or steal, they are at liberty to do so?"

"You speak at random, my son. A lama never lies, and never steals. These words are only used in application to the common people. If I, a lama, say what is not true, for a good end, it is a holy act and not a lie; but if you or any other unsanctified person were to do the same, the punishment would be to wander forty thousand centuries in the Gulf of Green Lizards."

"Is there no way by which I could avoid such a terrible doom?"

"None—unless you could get the prayers of some pious lama, for that object."

"And how could I obtain such prayers?"

"By giving gold, or silver, or jewels, or some other precious things, to the lama, for the use and benefit of the cause of Boodh."

"Yes, yes—I think I begin to understand your religion. What a great privilege it is to be a lama, for he may do what he pleases here on earth, and be sure of Heaven afterwards. Our Christian religion is very different."

"How so?"

"It teaches that the Creator of this universe is not only the author of these visible objects around us, but that he has also devised a system of religion which all are bound to reverence. He made the earth, the sky, the sun, moon, and stars. These are governed by certain laws, which they always obey. The sun rises and sets at his bidding; the planets revolve steadily in their orbits; the seasons come and go. Thus order and beauty are introduced into all the works of nature. There is another sys-

tem—that of religion and morality, and here, also, God has given a code of laws."

"I should like to hear what they are."

"I will repeat them, in substance. They are as follows:

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

2. Thou shalt not worship, or bow down to any graven image, or the likeness of any created thing.

3. Thou shalt not profanely use God's holy name.

4. Thou shalt keep holy the sabbath, or seventh day.

5. Do honor and reverence to thy father and thy mother.

6. Thou shalt not kill thy fellow-man.

7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. Thou shalt not steal.

9. Thou shalt not be guilty of falsehood.

10. Thou shalt not covet what is not thine own.

These are the fundamental laws of the moral world, according to our faith, and no man, priest, king, potentate, or private person, may set them aside. What is it that gives to nature its grandeur? It is its order, its regularity—visible even in its infinite variety. We see in it, and through it, a Divine Governor superior to nature, and of which nature is but an image. If the laws which control the elements, and govern the movements of the heavenly bodies were to be set aside by every priest or lama, according to his whim, or for what he might deem a good cause, what confusion would be introduced into the world! How would God himself be degraded, by thus giving up his government to men? And so of religion. God no doubt listens to the prayers of his children; he no doubt hears the voice of his people and his church, wherever they may be. But he never surrenders the reins of government into the weak hands of man. He never allows any man, or set of men, to alter or modify his laws. What he requires of one, he requires of all. The king, the peasant, the beggar, all are alike bound by the code of morality and religion."

"And where is this religion written?"

"In a book called the *Two Testaments;* or, the *Book of Books.*"

"And how do you know it is true?"

"It has been proved true by the testimony of holy men, in a long series of ages; by the TESTIMONY OF JESUS CHRIST, who lived as no man ever lived, who spoke as no man ever spoke, and whose words, for almost two thousand years, have carried to the bosoms of men an irresistible conviction of their divine origin and eternal truth."

"And have you no lamas?"

"We have ministers and priests, who devote their lives to the propagation of religious truth."

"Are you a priest?"

"No, indeed."

"How, then, do you know so much about your religion?"

"In my country nearly all the people have the Bible. We are brought up to read it, from childhood. It is read in schools and in families. It is read in the religious houses It is expounded and

enforced by the ministers and priests. My father read a chapter in the Bible every morning, before breakfast. I have heard him say that he had read the Bible through thirteen times."

"Was he a priest?"

"No, he was a common man, a farmer."

"I understand how it is that you know so much about your religion; but I think it very absurd. What can the mass of the people, after all, know about holy writings, and the deep words of prophets, and the mysterious meanings of God?"

"We can at least understand his commandments, and learn to obey them. We can study his holy word, and seek to commune with him. Our Bible, our religion, brings every man into the immediate arms of God; to him we are all responsible. How purifying is it to live always before a holy judge; to submit our action to a perfect God, rather than imperfect man? With us, if a man has sinned, he must seek forgiveness of one who is beneficent and just. With you, if a man sins, he must settle the account with a lama. He may pay for it in cash, or in penance. He may even settle for a crime beforehand. Does not this make religion contemptible? Does it not degrade the author of a religion, who permits and encourages such practices? Does not religion, thus administered, become the mere tool of selfish lamas, who use the power of their office to extort money, reverence, and obeisance to themselves, from their followers? Can such a religion fail to debase its votaries? Does it not invariably lead to immorality, vice and crime? Does not the ascendancy of lamaism invisibly break down the independence of the human understanding, and does it not make the natives subject to its influence ignorant, superstitious, and bigoted?"

"You talk like a child: you seem to set the mass of mankind above the priesthood. This is a fundamental error. Boodh, or Gudama, is first. He is the only true existence. All beside are a shadow. The Dalai-Lama is the perpetual, undying Boodh on earth. He is all in all. He is heaven and earth, sea, and sky, and air. In him, however, the lamas live and breathe and have a being. He is a tree and they are its leaves. The leaves may fall but only to be reproduced again in the bud. The bud falls, but then comes the bloom. So it is with the lama. He is a leaf—a bud—a flower, of the Eternal, always advancing to perfection. But the mass of the people are as sand and gravel, and have no other use than to feed the roots of the tree of Life—the thrice holy Dalai-Lama, and his branches."

"A comfortable doctrine, this, for the priests, certainly, but how do the people like it?"

"They have only to submit to it."

"Well, well, my friend Butter-Pate, now be honest, and tell me the truth. Do you believe this religion of yours?"

"Do you take me for a hypocrite?"

"Well, to be fair with you, I do."

"You are mistaken. Men seldom believe against the influence of education, and, above all, against their inter-

est. I was educated in lamaism, all my family and friends are devoted to it. And besides, if I reject this religion I sink to the level of ordinary men. As a priest, I enjoy great favors and privileges. I exercise dominion over the concerns of the mass. Through their fears I can extort their money and their goods. I can compel them to serve me in any way I please. I am not bound by the same rules of duty and morality which restrain the vulgar herd. Do you think I will doubt a system which endows me with such advantages? Before you leave Thibet you will understand what I mean. You will see that all the wealth and power of the country are in the hands of the priests. The mass of the nation are poor, ignorant, and degraded; do you think I will sink myself to their level?"

"It is doubtless too much to expect."

Here our conversation was brought to an end by the appearance of the city of Giga Gounggar at no great distance, situated in a valley before us. The country around had, indeed, by its better cultivation, announced our approach to a considerable town. Still proceeding on our course, we soon entered the town, and, as usual, took up our abode at a monastery. My companion was now almost at home, and he found many of his old acquaintances, as well among the lamas as the people of the town. I observed that he was everywhere well received, and appeared to be a universal favorite. He was in fact a kind-hearted man, and much better, I have no doubt, than his religious creed would lead us to expect. Nevertheless, a false religion is very destructive to the higher gifts of humanity, because a man's principles are formed by his religion, and it is very rare that actions rise higher than the sources from which they flow. S. G. G.

[To be continued.]

Our Little Boy.

When the evening shadows gather
Round about our quiet hearth,
Comes our eldest born unto us,
Bending humbly to the earth!
And with hands enclasped tightly,
And with meek eyes raised above,
This the prayer he offers nightly
To the source of light and love:

"Bless my parents, O my Father!
Bless my little sister dear;
While I gently take my slumber,
Be thy guardian angels near!
Should no morning's dawn e'er greet me,
Beaming brightly from the skies,
Thine the eye of love to meet me
In the paths of Paradise!"

Now a glad "good night" he gives us;
And he seals it with a kiss;
Naught of earthly sorrow grieves us,
In an hour so full of bliss!
Now our arms about him wreathing,
One fond kiss before he sleep;
Soon we hear his gentle breathing,
In a slumber calm and deep!

A fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl:

"How are you, my dear?"

"Very well, I thank you," she replied.

The visitor then added:—

"Now, my dear, you should ask me how I am."

The child honestly replied—"I don't want to know."

Scotland.

SCOTLAND, occupying the northern portion of Great Britain, is separated from England by a series of hills and rivers, and is distinguished from that country by many peculiar features.

Bold mountain chains form a large portion of the surface, giving occasion for many deep inlets of the sea, and rendering the general outline extremely irregular.

Lakes embosomed in the hills, and clear and rapid rivers pouring along the vales, help to complete the picture sketched by a native poet—

> "Land of the mountain and the flood,
> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood."

The north of Scotland bears the general name of Highlands, and may be considered as one great cluster of hills interspersed with deep precipices, rushing streams, and romantic lakes, and forming altogether some of the most wild and imposing scenery in the world.

The Highland country embraces about one-sixth of the entire population of Scotland. The inhabitants are of Celtic descent, and exhibit many striking peculiarities of feature, language, dress, and manners. The history of the Highlanders in the earlier days of Scotland is full of bold and romantic adventure, and has formed the theme of many a song and story.

The remainder of the country of Scotland is termed the Lowlands, and is less irregular, but here the surface is varied by hill and valley and several mountain ranges. The inhabitants are,

like the English, a Teutonic people, but with a mixture of Celtic blood, and are distinguished for their intelligence, industry, and great energy of character.

A country, with so many physical disadvantages could never have been brought into such a condition as respects rural husbandry, or been made so prosperous a seat of manufacture and commerce, unless the people were highly gifted with a spirit of enterprise.

In the poorest districts we nowhere meet with the destitution and wretchedness that are found in Ireland; on the contrary, there is an air of comfort in their lowly dwellings.

Caution, foresight, and reflection, enter largely into the Scottish character, hence they are slow and sometimes apparently cold, and appear to be deficient in frankness and generosity.

But these qualities are only seeming—they are a people of generous and warm-hearted affections—ardently attached to their country and to the spot that gave them birth, and keenly alive to every thing that reminds them of what is honorable and chivalric in the doings of their ancestors.

If you were to visit Scotland you would not fail to visit the lakes and other romantic spots that have been so justly admired.

The cut at the head of this article represents a view on Loch or Lake Katrine. This is situated at a distance of little more than twenty-five miles from Stirling, and is remarkable as the scenery of Scott's Lady of the Lake. The lake is approached through a valley surrounded by lofty hills and wild precipices, described by Scott as "a wildering scene of mountains, rocks, and woods, thrown together in disorderly groups."

Loch Katrine measures about ten miles in length, and is justly reckoned one of the most beautiful in Scotland.

Its principal charm consists in the singular rugged wildness of its mountain sides and its pretty rocky islets rising to a considerable height out of the water, and tufted over with trees and shrubs.

Near the eastern extremity of the lake there is precisely such an island as that which is described in the poem as the residence of the outlawed Douglas and his family. To fulfil the wishes of the imagination Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, the owner of the ground, has erected upon the island a sort of tower or cottage, such as that which the said family occupied, in order to carry out the pleasing deception.

The view of the lake on approaching it from the east is rather confined, but from the top of the rocky mountain above the prospect is singularly imposing, and is described by the author of the Lady of the Lake as follows:

———"Gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land,
High on the south, huge Ben-Venue
Down on the lake its mosses threw—
Crags, knolls and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world!
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar;
While in the north, through middle air,
Ben-An heaved high his forehead bare."

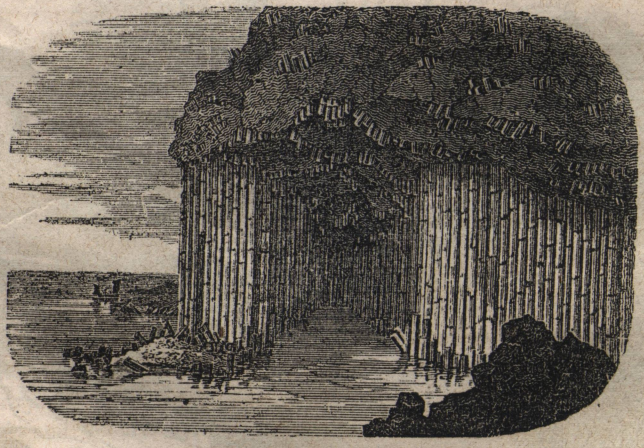
Loch Awe is another of the celebrated lakes. The cut herewith exhibits a distant

view of it, but no description or representation can give any adequate idea of the enchanting reality, we can only hope that our readers will some day have the pleasure of beholding with their own eyes these scenes so full of grandeur and so suggestive of poetic emotions. But if this privilege is denied them, perhaps they will find in our own country scenes of grandeur and of novel beauty that are not deficient in any thing, unless it be in classic or historic association. The northern part of New Hampshire and Vermont, the western part of Massachusetts, and portions of New York and Pennsylvania, present specimens of varied and romantic scenery that are justly admired, and that need only the associations of historic legends to make them renowned as any spot that is frequented by the sight-seers of the old world.

To the west of Scotland there is a cluster of islands with bleak and rugged surface, known as the Western Islands. They are inhabited by a poor class of peasants who obtain a precarious subsistence from the scanty soil and the sea.

In this group is the island of *Staffa*, famous for its basaltic cavern called Fingal's Cave.

This cave opens from the sea, and is about 42 feet wide, 66 feet high, and 227 feet deep. The sides are formed of columnar rock, and as the sea never ebbs entirely out, the floor of this beautiful cave is the clear green water, which reflects from its clear bottom the varying shades of the rocks, and produces a beautiful effect.



Imagine yourself sailing into this immense cave, that seems like a pile of masonry built by giants, and now going to decay. It is one of the most impressive and interesting objects to be met with in Scotland.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

We continue to receive very satisfactory accounts from Gilbert Go-ahead, as will be seen by his letters; and we shall be very much mistaken if he does not make quite a figure in the world yet. We have not reached the end of his history by a great deal. He has got the real grit in him, and is destined to work his way to fame if not to fortune. If he lives to come back, what do you say to having a grand convocation of all the boys and girls in the United States, including Texas and California, to welcome him? I declare, I believe by that time he will make a speech equal to Kossuth. And such a meeting —would n't it be a rouser? I'd give more to be there than to see the World's Fair ten times over. We'd have a tent large enough to hold the whole assembly. I should like to know where there is a smooth prairie wide enough in which to spread it. Besides speeches and dinners, and fun and frolic, and all sorts of social amusement, we'd have a sort of national convention to take into consideration, *first*, the affairs of Merry's Museum, and *second*, the affairs of the nation generally.

Alexander the Small, from down east, has been talking the matter over and he says that he should like to make a speech on some resolutions like the following:

"*Resolved*, unanimously, that Merry's Museum and Parley's Magazine is the best periodical in this or in any other country—that its aim is to elevate and instruct the mind and to improve the heart—that all boys and girls who neglect to take it deprive themselves of a great pleasure.

"*Resolved*, that we, the boys and girls of America, will not only take it ourselves and endeavor to introduce it into every house and hut in the land, but that we will recommend its free introduction into China as the best means of waking up the mind of youth there to act their appropriate part in the world's history.

"*Resolved*, that no boy shall hereafter be elected president of the United States, or judge of the Supreme Court, or governor of any State, or member of Congress, or to any other high and responsible office, who has not been a subscriber to Merry's Museum.

"*Resolved*, that no boy shall be deemed hereafter competent to be president or director of a bank, or a treasurer or book-keeper in any financial institution, or a reliable and safe business man of any description, who has been known to neglect to pay for Merry's Museum promptly according to terms."

I have no doubt that Alexander would make a capital speech on these resolutions, and I only hope that he may have a chance; and there would be plenty of other speakers among the boys of whom Robert Merry would be proud.

As to the girls—speaking in public is not just the thing for them. Now, girls, don't go off in a miff, and go to starting a girls' rights convention. You shall have your say and act your part. Indeed, we cannot get along at all without you. When we come together we will talk the matter all over, and if you talk as fast as usual we shall be pretty sure to get your opinion. I have found that girls have their opinion as well as boys, and can, generally, give quite as good a reason for it. But more of these matters when we come together. It is quite time to open the budget of letters. Unfortunately, a large number of the letters this month are intended to answer the puzzles in the April number. They came too late for insertion last month, and we must now pass them over generally without notice. Many of them exhibit much ingenuity, and do credit to the authors.

Henry, of E. Marshfield, closes his by proposing these

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a fender like Westminster Abby?
2. Why are handsome women like bread?

J. N. Wilder, Jr., of Albany, furnishes the following Anagrams. Their answers are names of flowers.

1. Sit on a turn.
2. Shy China.
3. Pan's dog ran.
4. Roast a chin.
5. Clam site.

Castine, May 16th, 1853.

"Mr. Merry, Dear Sir:—I have just received your Museum, and was again disappointed in not seeing the story of "Little Muck." What

has become of him? I think you were rather hard on your humble servant Guy in your last number, do you not? I have got a few answers to the enigmas and puzzles which I think are correct."

Guy,—your answers are all correct;—and you are not serious, of course, in thinking that Robert Merry was too hard on you. It is his particular weakness that he cannot be hard on any body if he tries.

Charles G. B., writing from Whitehall, says: "This is a pleasant village, at the head of Lake Champlain. The Troy Railroad terminates here, and there are four large steamboats that ply between this place and Canada.

"The town was formerly called Skanesborough, from a tory of that name who resided here, and whose wife, an English lady, received an annuity from England, payable as 'long as she remained above ground.' It is said that after her death her husband had her enclosed in a lead coffin and kept above ground, and received the annuity many years, (a dishonest transaction, if true).

"There is a rock half a mile from this village on the west side of the lake, where Gen. Putnam, with a dozen followers, killed a party of Indians that were coming up the lake in their canoes to destroy the town."

PROVIDENCE, May 21st, 1853.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—You do not know with what joy I greet the Museum on its arrival. I have found out the answer to the puzzle of Fred's. "What Scripture name a man repeats when he inquires the health of his son? The answer is Sam-u-ell." To Mary's puzzle, which is, "too wise you are, too wise you be, I see you are too wise for me." The enigma of 11 letters is "Steam Engine." Enigma by E. A. Root, is "Philadelphia." To the enigma by C. M. S., is the letter "M." Enigma by Henry Fuller, is "Alfred the Great." Conundrums by T. F. B.: the 1st is, "I-ser,"—3d, "because it is often told,"—4th, "Your name." Puzzle by Henry, is the letter "I." EVELYN OWEN.

MY DEAR MERRY:—Your very interesting Museum was received last night with its usual fresh supply of enigmas, puzzles, and conundrums to puzzle my head with. I think the answer to Frederick's enigma is Franklin Pierce, and to Lizzie's first conundrum, A-dry-attic, and the second because they make the butter fly. I think the way to spell Boquet in three letters is B O K. Black-eyed enigma is, I think, a mirror. I will send a

PUZZLE.

The Great Being M T I put some: FRANK.

MR. MERRY:—The answers to the enigmas and puzzles in last number are as follows:

Enigmas.—Steam Engine—Philadelphia; letter M—Alfred the Great; Franklin Pierce—In a Mirror.

Arithmetical Question.—The woman had 11 eggs in her basket.

Conundrum by Julia Ann.—Because he makes A-poke-R and A-shove-L.

Conundrums.—I, ser, Because it is often told. Your name, BO-K. A-dri-attic, Because they make the butter fly.

First Charade.—Button.

WM. H. COLEMAN.

The answer to the Whale question is 48 feet.

Answers to the Conundrums of T. F. B.

1. I, ser.
2. Because he has nothing to boot.
3. Because it is often told.
4. Your name.

Answers to the Riddles of Ned.

1. To-day.
2. A thorn in my hand.

Solution of Anagrams by L. C.

1. Nine thumps — Punishment.
2. March on — Monarch.
5. Golden Land — Old England.

The others were erroneously printed.

The answer to Nellie's Conundrum is, Because he is attentive to the bells (belles.)

ANAGRAMS BY GEORGE OF SYRACUSE.

Comical trade. A nice pet. Honor est a Nilo. Great helps.

My 1st pertains to state affairs. My 2d is what every one ought to have. My 3d was a great man. My 4th are useful things.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is an avaricious man like one with a short memory?

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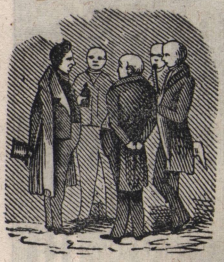

One Thousand Dollars Reward

will be paid by E. Phalon, to any person who can produce a Hair Invigorator which can equal his as a beautiful and healthy restorative of the Hair. This truly valuable Hair Restorative has been before the citizens of

New York, Boston, and Philadelphia

over twenty years; during which time it has given the most perfect satisfaction, and superseded all other so-called Hair Restoratives, Invigorators, &c., many of which are in the dark bosom of oblivion buried. Hundreds in the city of

Cincinnati alone

have cause to rejoice that they were induced to try one single bottle of Phalon's Hair Invigorator, having tried almost every thing recommended for the hair, without deriving any benefit whatsoever. Phalon's Hair Invigorator not only prevents

The Hair from coming out,

but by its use preserves it to extreme old age. For infants and children, whose hair may seem weak or thin, their mothers can apply nothing better. It removes the scurf, which is apt to cause weakness of the hair in

Young People,

and which, if neglected, continues to render the roots of the hair less productive the faster they advance in age. Ladies will find the Invigorator a great addition to the toilet, both on account of its delicate and

Agreeable Perfume,

and the great facilities it affords in dressing the hair, which, when moist with the Invigorator, can be dressed in any required form, so as to preserve its place, whether plain or in curls. Prof. E. Phalon would again remark, when used on

Children's Heads,

it lays the foundation for a good head of hair; and would also state, it has restored the hair when hundreds of dollars have been expended in vain upon other preparations. It also dresses

The Hair Beautifully,

keeps it soft, silken, and clean, thrice as long as any other preparation. It will change the harshest hair into the most healthy, glossy state—imparting to it a most beautiful dark color—keeping both the skin and hair in a healthy and luxuriant state, until the last period of life.

From the New York Tribune.

We know of no compound for the hair, which, as far as our experience goes, can equal Phalon's Chemical Hair Invigorator. There is no remedy for the permanent cure of baldness, and diseases of the head generally, that has reached the popularity enjoyed by this article. It imparts vigor to the roots of the hair, and promotes its growth to a remarkable degree. Judge Edwards, of Philadelphia, a man over 70 years of age, the top of whose head was as bald as one's hand two months since, has now the hair growing fast by its use. There are many others, whose names we are not at liberty to give, whose hair has been restored by Phalon's Invigorator.

From the New York Sun.

A young gentleman, a friend of ours, living in Bleecker-street, was attacked with fever—the hair on the top of his head was dried off—the sides were covered with old, rusty, dry hair, filled with dandruff; he has at this time a beautiful head of hair, from the use of Phalon's Hair Invigorator.

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Let every one try it, and they will join us in praise of its wonderful efficacy and inestimable value.

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